

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
CALLED
Pericles, Prince of
Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince:

Written by WILL. SHAKESPEARE:



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The History Of Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes, ancient Gower is come,
Assuming mans infirmitie,
To gladd your care, and please your eies ;
It hath beene sung at Festivals,
On Ember eues, and holy-daisies

And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for restoratiues :
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquins eo melius :
If you, borne in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes :
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your wifles pleasure bring
I life would wish, and might
Waite it for you like Taper-light.

This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefeſt ſeate ;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.

I tell you what mine Authors ſay :
This King vnto him tooke a peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So buckſome, bliſthe, and full of face,

Antiochus Prince of Tyre

As heauen had lent her all his grace :
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her coinceit did prouoke :
Bad childe, worse father, to entice his owne.
To euill should he done by none :
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne,
The beauty of this faire Dame,
Made many Princes ther frame,
To lecke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow :
Whiche to prevent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told no, lost his life.
So for her many of wight did die,
As you grim leokes do testifie. *Exe.*
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie.

Enter Antiochus Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of Tyre, you haue at large received
The danger of the taskē you undertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
with the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of Ione him selfe ;
At whose conception till *Lucimarcined*,
Nature this dowry gane, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of *Planets* all did fit,
To kuit in her this best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her fidiets, and her though the King,
Of every vertue giues renoume to men.

Her.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Her face the booke of praises, were as read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were euer lackt, and telly wrath
Could never be her milde companion.

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue
That haue enaflm'd desire in my brest,
To tasfe the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
[Or die in the aduenture] be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a boadlesse happiness.

Ant. Prince Peric'es.

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht :
For death like dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, incies thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine ;
And which without desert because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with spechelesse tonges, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand martyrs, flayne in Cupids warres :
And with dead cheeke advise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whorn none resist.

Per. *Antiochus* I thanke thee, who hath caught
My fraile mortallity to know i: selfe,
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it error :
Ile make my will then, and as sickle men do,
Who know the world, see heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joyes, as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every Prince should do.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vn supposed fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow [*Antiochus*]
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shall bleed.

Dangb. Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee hapinesse.

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Childe:
How they may be, and yet in two.
As you will line, resolute it you.

Sharpe phyfiche is the last; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countles eyes to view mens acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes mee pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lou'd you and could fill,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections wait
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyell, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull rufiche,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:

Good :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As daungerous as the rest your times expirde
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Peri. Great King,

Few loue to heare the sianes they loue to acte,
T, would braid your selfe too meane for me to tell it :
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shewne :
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes dust in others eies, to spread it selfe ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eies see cleare.
To stop the aire would hurt them the blinde Mole cast
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore worme doth die for't
Kings are earths Gods : in vice their law's their will,
And if *Ione* stray, who dares say, *Ione* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fir ;
What being more knowne, growes worse to smother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then give my tongue likel eau to loue my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition mis- interpreing,
We might proceed to counse of your daies ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree,
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs othowrtise :
Forty daies longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be vndone,
This mercy shewes wee'll ioy in such a sonne :
And vntill then, your entartaine shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How contese would seeme to couer siane,

When

Porter to prince of Tyre.

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule :
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keep them from the light :
One sinne [I know] another doth prouoke :
Murders as neare to lust, as flame to smoke :
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Ans. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet for h my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antioch* doth sinne
In such a loathed mannes,
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie,
Who attends vs there ?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call ?
Ans. Thaliard you are of our Chamber,
And our minde pertakes her private actions
To your secretes ; and for your faithfulness
We will aduance you *Thaliard* ;

Echold,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Behold, heer's peyson and heer's gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reaon why?
Because we bid it : say is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger,

Ans. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, tellling your haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince Pericles is fled.

Ans. As thou wilest, flye after, and like an arrow shot from a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell it : so do thou never returne, vntill thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, Ile make him sure enough : so farewell to your highnesse.

Ans. Thalid adieu, till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Exit.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none dispayle vs :
Why shoulde this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eye'd melancholy,
By me so used, a guest as not an hour,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toome where griefe shoulde steepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures count mine : yes, and mine eyes shun them,
And darger which I feare, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet never pleasures art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the other distance comfort me :
Then it is thus, that passions of the midae,
That haue their first conception by mis-dread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me ; the greate *Antiochus*,
Gaint whom I am to little to contend,

B

Since

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Since hee's so great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me speaking, though I swere to silence,
Nor bootes it mee to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

And what may make him blush in being knownyng,
With hostile forces hee'l overspread the land,
And with the stink of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall drise courage from the state;
Our men bee vanquisht, ere they do resist,
And subiects punish that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pity of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the topes of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and my soule languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1. *Lord* Joy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord*. And keepe your minde till ye retorne to vs
peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue :
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellowes blowes vp sin,
The thing the which is flattered but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heart and stronger growing,
Whereas reprove obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior sooth here doth proclame peace,
He flatters you, and makes warre vpon your lise.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please.
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. Allleave vs else : but let your cares o're-looke
What shipping and what riding in our Hauen,
And then retorne to vs : *Hellsaines* thou hast
Mou'd vs : what seest thou in our looks?

Hell. An angry brow dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue ground the axe my selfe,
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pre hee rise, sit dowre, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen so bid,
That Kings should let their eates heare their faults hid
Fit Councellor, and seruant for a Prince,
who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy seruant,
what wouldest thou haue me do?

Hell. To heare with patience such grieses,
As your selfe do lay vpon your selfe,
Per. Thou speakest like a Physition, *Heliocamus*
That ministers a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldest tremble to receiuue the selfe,
Atteud me then; I went to *Antioch*,
whereas thou know(?) against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iut I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subjects:
Her face was to thine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare (as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe : But thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants seeme to kisse,
which feare so grew in me I hither fled

Vnder the houering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good Proetor: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares:
And should he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I shoud open to the listening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were shed,
To keepe his bed of blackyesse vnlaid.
To lop that doubt, hec'l fill this Land with armes,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

As I make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not i' th' ente:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art offe,
Who now reproudest me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Dewe shewe out of minne eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Mus'ing in my minde, with thousand dobbes
How I might stope there tempest eft it came,
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charite to grieve them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue given me leave to speake
Freely wiil I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or private treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, geue trauell for a
while, till that his rage and anger be forgote, or till the Destinies
do cut his thred of life: your Rule diecte to any, if vnto me, day
serue not lighr more faidfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my libertie's in my absence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth!

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Thalibis*
Intend my trauile, where Ile haue from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beat it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so you dind late,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shinc, I a true prince.

Exit.

Enter Thaliard folas.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill
King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home:

it

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wile fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske whathee woulde of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now do I see hee had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man bee a villaine, hee is bound by the indecture of his oath to be one.
Hescht heere comes the Lords of Tyre.

*Enter Hellierans. Escapes, with other
Lords of Tyre.*

Hell. Yon shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of Tyre, further to question me of your Kings departurte: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficienly, hee's gone to traueil.

Tbal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will bee satisfied, (why as it were unlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Hee giue some light vnto you: Being at Antioch.

Tbal. What from Antioch,

Hell. Royall Antioch (on what cause I know not) tooke some displeasure at him, at least he iudged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, hee would correct himselfe; so puttis himselfe vnto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Tbal. Well I perceiue I shall not bee hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scape the Land, to perish at the Sea: Hee present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of Tyre.

Hell. Lord Tbaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Tbal. From hym I come with message vnto Princely Pericles; but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord hath tooke himselfe to vnlawnne trauailes, my message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to vs; yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to Antioch, we may lefft in Tyre.

Exiunt.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

*Cleon. My Dianis, shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others grieues,*

See if t' will teach vs to forget our owne;

*Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast vp a higher :
O my distresled Lord, euen such our grieues are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischieves eies,
But like to Groues being toppt, they higher rise.*

Cleon, O Dion zis,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deepe :
Our woes i: to the ayre, our eyes to we ps,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ie then discouise our woes felt severall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares,

Dion. Ile do my best Sir.

*Cleon. This i b r s w, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand :
For riches strewd her selfe even in the streetes,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers were beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and daunes fo ictted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by :
There tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so mael't to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.*

Dion. O n tis true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change :

These

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

These mouthes, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Weare all too little to content and please,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance :
As houses are d. filed for want of vse.

They are now staru'd for want of exercise ;
Those pallats, who not yet to fauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the ralle,
Would now be glad of bred, and beg for it :
These mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are reddy now
To eate those little darlings whom they loued,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall dye to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Heere many sir ke, yet those that see them fall,
Haue scarce strength to give them buriall.
Is not this true ?

Dion. Our cheeke and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Citties that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teates,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wher's the Lord Gouvernor ?

Cleon. Here speake out thy sorrowes, which thou bring'ft in
haste, for comfort is to farre for vs to expect.

Lord. We haue descrid vpon our neigbouring shore,
A portly sayle of shippes make hither ward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heyre,
That may succeed as his inheritour :
And so in ours : some neigbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our misery,
That stufst the holow vessels with there power,
To beare vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lord. That's the least feare,
For by the semblance of their white flags dispaird, they bring vs
Peace, and come to vs as friendes, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speakest like hymnes wch we'd to repeat
Who makes the fairest shew, neare, most deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we feare, the ground's the lowe,
And we are halfe way there. Goe zell their Generall wee attend
him heere to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, &
what he craues.

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcomme is peace, if he on peace consist;
If warres we are vnable to refist.

Enter Pericles with friendes.

Per. Lord Gonernor for so we heare you are,
Let not our shippes and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miseries as faire as Tyre.
And scene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to release them of their heavy load,
And these our shippes you happily may thinke,
Are like the Treian horse, was sti'c within
With bloody veines expeeting overbrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And gine them life, whom hunger staru'd halfe dead.

Omnis. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And weel pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, arise; wee doe not looke for reverenc,
but for loue and barborage for our selfe, our shippes, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie.
Or pay you with vathankfullnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their evills :
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be scene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Pericles Acte 1. Sc 1.

Per. Which welcomg we'll accept, feast here a while,
Vncll our Stars that frowne, lend vs a smile.
Exeunt

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here hane you seen a mighty King,
His child I wis to inceste bring:
A better Prince and benigre Lord,
That will proue a wfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he bath paſt neceſſity:
Ile ſhew you thofe in troubls raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I give my benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his ſtame to make him gloriouſ:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t' your eyes, what need I ſpeak.

Dumb Show,
Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with
them Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Peri-
cles; Pericles ſhewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles giues the Mof-
ſenger a reward, and Knyght him, it and conioiuſt geuing bryggs.

Enter Pericles at one doore Cleon at another.
Good Helicon that ſtai'd at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his princes deſire,
Sau'd one of all that baps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with finne,
And had intent to murder him,
And this in Tharsus was no: best,
Longer for him to make his reſt.

C

Hec

Pericles Prince of yre.

He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's sildome easse,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnoquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) having all lost,
By waues, from coast is tost :
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapan'd but him selfe ;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad :
And heere he comes ; what shall be next.
Pardon old Gower, this long's the Tex.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceasse your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder : Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you :
And I (as fits my nature) to obey you.
Alasse, the Seas bath cast me on the Rockes,
Walst me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death ;
Let it suffice the greatnessse of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your walty gracie,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fishermen,

1. What, to pelch ?
 2. Ha, come and bring away the Net.
 3. What patch-breech, I say.
 3. What say you Master ?
 1. Looke how thou stonest now.
- Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, cuen now.

1. Alasse

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. Alasse poore soules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cries they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarsely helpe our selues.

3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh :
a plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be wash'd
Master, I Maruell how the fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little ones :
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale ; he plaiers and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last devoute them all at a mouthfull.
Such whales haue I heard on a th land,
who never leauie gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.

Per. A pretty Morall.

3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.

2. Why man?

3. Because he shold haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept such a langling of the bels,
That he would never haue left,
Till he cast Bels steeple, Church and Parish vp againe :
But if the good King Simonides were of my minde,

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of these drônes,
That rob the Bee of her honny.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from there watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it ?

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast,

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom beth the waters and the windes,
In that vaste tensus-Court, hath made the Bell
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitie him:
He askes of you, that never vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes ther?

Per. I never practiz'd it.
2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing
to be got now adays valesse; thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know,
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on.
A man strong d vp wi h cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heire, come
put it on,keepe thee warme : now a fore me a handsome fellow :
Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish
for fasting dayes and more ; or Puddings and Elap-jacks , and
thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank e you sir.
2. Harke you my friend, You said you could ne beg.

Per. I did but craue,
2. But craue? then Ile turuer crauer too,

And so I shall scape whipping,

Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?
2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were
whipt I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Mar-
ster Ile go draw the net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?
1. Harke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Pro.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapotes*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.

How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a dales iourney : and Ile tell you, hce hath a
faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day ; and there are
Pirnces and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Just &
Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's fish hangs in the Net, like a
poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out . Ha bors.
on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,

Thou giuest me some what to repaire my selfe :
And though it was mine owne, part of my heritage
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strik charge, even as he left his life :

Keape it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and deaht ; and pointed to this Prayse :
For that it sau'd me, keep it in like necessity :
The Which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.

It kept Where I kept, I so dearely loued it.

Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though ca'm'd hath giuen't againe
I thanke thee for t, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I hane here my fathers gift in's will.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

what meane you sir?

Per. To b: g of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke : he loued me dearely:
And for his sake I wish the hauing of it;
And that you'd guide me to your Souersigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better
Ile pay your bounties; til then rest your debtor.

1. Why wilt thou turmy for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I have borne in Armes,

1. why take it and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But heark ye my friend, t'was me that made vp this gar-
ment throngh the rough seames of the waters; there are certaine
condo'ements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thrive, you'll re-
member from whence you had them.

Per. Belleeue it I will:

By your furtherapee I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Jewell holds his building on my arme :
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread ;
Onely (my fr: end) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Bas:es.

3. Wee'l sure provide, thou shalt haue
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Geale to my wil,
this day Ile rise, or else adde ill, to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere.
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties children whom Nature gar

For

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

That. It please ih you (my royll father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merites leſſe

King. It's fit it shoule be ſo; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it ſelfe,

As Jewels lost their glory if neglected,
So Princeſ there renouneſ, if not Reſpekteſ

Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entartaine
The labour of each Knight in his device.

That. Which to preſerve mine honour, Ile perſonneſ.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. Who is the firſt, that doth preſerue himſelfe?

That. A Knight of Sparta (my renouneſ Father).

And the deuice he beareſ vpon his ſhield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;

The word; *Lux tua vita mibi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

Who is the ſecond, that preſenſ himſelfe?

That. A prince of Macedon (my royll Father)

And the deuice he beareſ vpon his ſhield,
Is an armeſ Knight, that's conqueſteſ by a Lady.

The Motto thus in Spaniſh. *Pao Per adorata keſ per forſa*

The thiſt Knight.

King. And what's the thiſt?

That. The thiſt of Antioch: and his deuice,
A wrethe of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fouriſt Knight.

King. What is the fouriſt?

That. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;

The word; *Qui me aliſ me extinguit.*

King. Which ſhewes that beauty hath his power and will,
Which canas well enflame, as it can kill.

The fiſt Knight.

That. The firſt, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tried:

The

The Motto thus : *Sic spelta vallis fides.*

The first Knight. Now if I may, I will
King. And what's the six and last, he in which the Knight himself
scelle with such a gracesfull armes he deliv'red?

That. He scemes to be a stranger, thus his Present is
A withered Branch, that's only greenest at top:

The Motto, *In hac spatha.*

King. A pretty morall; from the dejected state where in he is
he hopes by you his fortune yes may florish.

1. Lord. He had need hymne better then his outward forme can
any way speake in his iust command; For by his rustic out-side,
hee appears to haue practised more the Whistle-stocke, then the
Lance,

2. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an horrid
triumph strangely familiur.

3. Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a fable, that makes vs feare
The out ward habite, by shewing man.

But stay, the Knights are comming to us, we will see
We will withdrawe into the Gallerie.

Great shentes, and allery, The mean Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from thence.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,

As in a Title page, your worth in armes, and to bring on

We're more then you expect, or more then you fit,
Since every worth in shew commends it selfe;

Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaste,
You are princes and my guests,

That. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And Crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit,
King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,

And heere, I hope, is none that envies it.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured scholler: come Queene of th' seaf,
For (daughter so you are, here take your place:
Mariall the rest, as they deserue his grace.

Knights. Wee are honoured much by good *Simontdes*.

King. Your present glads our dayes honour we loue,
For who hates honour hates the God aboue.

Marsh. Sir yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not sir for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Enuy the great, or doe the low despise.
You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit,
By *Iose* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

That. By *Inno* (that is Queene of Mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeke viauory,
Wishing him my me: & sure hee's a gallant gentleman,
King. Hee's but a country gentleman, has done no moare
Then other Knights haue done, has broke a staffe,
Or so; let it passe.

That. To me he seemed a Diomed to glasse.

Per. You King unto me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was,
And Princes sat like stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but like lesser lights,
Did vaille their Crownes to his supremacy;
Where now his sonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darknesse none in light:
Wherby I see that time's the King of men,
For hee's their parents, and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will not what they craue.

King. what are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this roiall presence?

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

King. Heere with a cup that's flurd vnto the brim,
As you doloue, fill to your Mistris lips,
We drinke his health to you.

Knight. We thanke your gracie.

King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight sits too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruail his worth:
Note it not you *Tbaifa?*

Tba. What is't to me my father?

King. O, vtend my daughter,
Princes in this should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely gives to everyone that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Tba. Alasse my father, it besets not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to bee so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens guifts for impudence.

King. How? do as I bid you or you'l moue me else.

Tba. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

King. And futhermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage

Tba. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you,

Per. I thanke him.

Tba. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

Per. I thanke both him and you, and plege him freely.

Tba. And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are your name and Parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,

My education being in Artes and armes:

Who looking for aduentures in the world,

Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,

And after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore,

Tba. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,

A gentleman of Tyre, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

Bereft

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Berest of ships and men, cast on the shore.

King. Now by the Gods, I pity his misfortune
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come gentlemen, we sit to long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other reuels.
Euen in your armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers dance :
I will not haue excuse with saying that
Lowd musicke is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.

They dance.

So, this was well asked, t'was so well performade,
Come sir heerre's a Lady that wants breathing too :
And I haue heard, you Knights of Tyre,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)

King. Oh thats as much as you would be denied
Of your faire courtesie : vnclaſpe, vnclaſpe.

They dance.

Thankes gentlemen to all; all haue done well,
But you the best : Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights vnto their severall Lodgings :
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talke of loue,
And tharts the marke I know you leuell at :
Therefore each on betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellenus and Escanes.

Hell. No Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liued not free :
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to his haynous
Capitall offence; even in the height and pride

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Of all his glory, when he was created in
A Chariot of an inclemable value, and his daubiter
With him; a fire from heaven came and sharred
Up those bodies even to loathing, for they so stunk
That all those eyes addorn'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

H. II. And yet by iustice; for though this King were great,
His greate nesle was so gaured to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in priuare conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. Lord. It shall no longer greeue without reproose.

3. Lord. And cust be he that will not second it.

1. Lord. Follow me then: Lord Heliocane, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. Lord. Know that our grieses are risen to the top,
And now at length they oer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your grieses, for what?
Wrong not your Prince, your loue.

1. Lord. Wrong not your selfe then noble Heliocane,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liues we'll seeke him out;
If in his graue he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolu'd he liues to gauenē vs:
Or dead, giues cause to mourne his funerall,
And leue vs to our free Election.

2. Lord. Whose death indeed, the strongest in our capture,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly building's left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.

We thus submit vs to our Soueraigne.

Perijes Prince of Turk.

Omnes. Live noble Hellcan
Hell. Try honest cause, forbear your suffrages;
If that you loue Prince Parisher, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Wher's he wendly to bide for a minutes ease)
A twelue month longer, let me intreate you
To forbear the absence of your King;
If in which time expired, he not retурne,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to thys loue,
Goe search like Nobles like noble Subiects,
And in such search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and win vnto retурne
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.
1. Lord. To wisdome, hee's afoole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord Hellcan enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeavor.
Hell. Then you louevs, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit a Kingtome euer stands. *Exe.*

Enter the King reading of a letter at the doore,
and the King bid meet him.

1. Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life. Her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2. Knight. May we not get accessse to her (thy Lord)
King. Fayth by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that tis impossible
One twelue Moones more shee'l ware *Dianas* luyce;
This by the eye of *Cimbis* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honur will not breake.
3. Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leavves.
King. So, they are well dispatcht, wad haue sent them
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Or never more to view nor day nor light,
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well : nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed : soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*.

King. To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musick this last night :
I do protest my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your graces pleasure to command,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, You are Musicks master.

Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord).

King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most vertuous Princesse,

King. And shes faire too, is she not ?

Per. As a faire day in Summer : wondrous faire.

King. Sir my daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your Scholler ; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoolemaster.

King. She thinkes not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What heere, a letter, that shewes the Knight of Tyre.
Tis the Kings subtily to haue my life :
Oh seek no to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distresed gentelman,
That never aimde so high to loue your daughter,
But bent all office to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine !

Per. By the Gods I haue not ; never did thought

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Of mine leuy offence ; nor never did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou lyest.

Per. I taytor ?

King. I traytor.

Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse he be a King,
That calls me traitor I retorne the lye.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relisht of a base discontent :
I came vnto your Court for houours cause,
And not to be a rebell to our state :
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue hee's honours enemy.
King. No ? here comes my daughter, she can witnessse it.

Enter Thaifa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolute your angry fether, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any fillable that made loue to you ?

Thaif. Why sir if you had who takes offence,
At that would make me glad ?

King. Yea misbris, are you so peremptory ?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile come you ille bring you in subiection.
Will yon not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger ? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.

A side.

Therefore heare you misbris, eyther frame
Your will to mine ; and you sir heare you,
Eyther be rul'd by me , or Ile make you.—
Man and wife ; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too : being ioynd,

A side.

Ile

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

If thus your hopes deify, and for further gracie, Do youe saye to
God give you ioy; what, are you both pleased?

Thas. Yes, if you loue me sir.

Per. Euen as my life or blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes if it please your majesty.

King. It pleaseith me to well, that I will see you wed
And then with what hast you can get you to bed.

Enter Gower. Exeunt.

Now yslēpe s akid hāth the tow^r,
No dim bat shores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-ſe Beast,
Or his molt pompos marriage ſeate;
The Cat with eyne of Burning coale,
Now couches from the Medes hole,
And Cricket sing at the ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:

Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losle of mayden head,
A babe is moulded, by attēt,
And time that is so briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, He plaine with ſpeech.

Dumbe ſher.

Enter Pericles by Simonides at one doore with attendants, a Maffon-
ger meetes them, knerles, & gives Pericles a letter, Pericles ſheweth
it Simonides, the Lordes kneele to him; then enter Tibysa with
child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King ſheweth her the letter ſhe
rejoyces: ſhe and Pericles take ſeane of her father, and heare.

By many a dearne and painefull pearche
Of Pericles, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppofing Crignes,
Which the World together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſtead the queſt at laſt from Tyre,

Fame

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th' Court of King Symonides,
Are letters btought, the tenour these :
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of Tyre, on the head
Of Hellicanus would set on
The crowne of Tyre, but he will none :
The mutany, he there hastes t' opresse,
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice five Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne : the sum of this
Brought bither to Pentapolis,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King :
Who dreamp't ? who thought of such a thing ?
Brise, he must hence depart to Tyre,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall cross along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse free takes,
And so to sea, then vessel shakes,
On Neptunes billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune meou'd
Varies againe: the grieslee North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that drives.
So vp and downe the poore ship diues :
The lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauile with her feare :
And what ensues in this selfe strome,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe,
I will relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay
Which might not ? what by me is told ;
In your imagination hold :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The seas tost *Pericles*, appears to speake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaf, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou hast
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Brasse
Having cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearing dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes : O how *Lichorida* ?
How does my Queen ? then storne venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe ? the Sea mans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Unheard *Lichorida* ? *Ludina*, oh !
Diuinest patronesse, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may swift the pangs
Of my Queens traualles. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lycherida.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do :
Take in your armes this pece of your dead Queen.

Per. How now *Lycherida* ?

Lych. Patience good sir do not affist the storne,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queen ;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods !

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vs honour with you.

Lych. Patience good sir, euен for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had never Babe :
Quiet and gentle thy condition ;
For thou art the rueliest welcome to this world,

That

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

That euer was Princes childe : happy what follows,
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the wombe :
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt finde heere :
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* what courage ſir ? God ſave you.

Per. Courage euough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt : yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this fresh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou ?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelue.

2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and the brine and clewdy billow
Kiff the Moone : I care not.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene muſt ouer board,
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not ly till he ſhip be cleſſed of the dead.

Per. That's your ſuperiition.

1. Pardon vs ſir ; this is a lyce with ys at ſea it hath bin ſtill obſerued And we are ſtrong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you thinkē meete, for ſhe muſt ouer board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.

Per. A tirrible child-bed haſt thou had (my deare)

No light, no fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly nor haue I time
To bring thee halowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coſſind in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water moſt ouer whelme thy corps
Lying with ſimplē ſhels : O Lychorids,

Bid Nestor bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my leuels, and bin Nicander

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bring me the Satin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hit thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : sodathely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and buttumed ready.

Per. I thankē thee : Meriner say what cost it this ?

2. We are neere Tharsus.

Per. Thithar gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre , when caust thou reach it ?

2. By breake of day, if the wiade cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus,
There will I visite Cleon for the Babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus ; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing : goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant,
Cer. Philemon, hoe.

Enter Philemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?

*Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulet and stormy night,*

*Ser. I haue beene in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now I neare indured.*

*Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you returnd,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him : give this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Good morrow.

2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship,

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so early ?

*1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as if the earth did quake :*

*The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Feare surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house,*

2. Get.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

2. Gent. That is the cause wee trouble you so early.
Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1. Gent. But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich attire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose : tis most strange
Nature should be so couuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endwomens greater, then Noblenesse and Riches,
Carelesse heyres may the two latter darken and expens ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God :
Tis knowne, I euer studied Phyfiche,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practise, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwells
In Veginies, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;
Which doth due me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleasure vp in filken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
poured foorth your charity, and huderes call themselues
Your Creatures ; who by you hane beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euen your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimoe*
Such strong renoune, as never shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, list there.

Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea toss vpon or shoure
This Chest; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.

Gent. Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;

Wrench it open straight:

If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,

Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Cent. Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulk't and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow fir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.

Oh you most potent Gods! whats heere, a Coarse?

2. Gen. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balm'd and entreasured

With full bags of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,

Perfect me in the Characters.

*Heere I gine to understand,
Ifere this Coffin drine a land,
I King Pericles hath lost
This Queenes, worth all our munckies coft:
Who findes her, givs her burying,
She was the daughter of a King,
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods require his charity.*

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart

That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh shs lookes,
They were too rough, that, threw her in the sea.

Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurpe on nature many howres.

And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits,
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine hours bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered;

Enter one with Napkius and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

The rough and wofull musick that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you.

The Viall once more ; how thou stirrest thou blocke ?

The musick there : I pray you giue her ayre ;

Gentlemen, this Queene will live,

Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;

She hath not bene entranc't aboue ffe hours,

See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gen. The heauens through you, encresse our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cor. She is aliue, behold her eyelids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be .

She moanes.

Thas, O deare Diana, where am I ? where's my Lord ?
What world is this ?

2. Gen. Is not this strange ?

1. Gen. Most rare.

Cor. Hush(my gentle neighbour) lead me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen ;
Now this matter must be looke too, for the relapse
Is mortall : come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away *Exenus dennes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon Dionizia.

Per. Most horrid Cleon, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and Tyre stands
In a peace : you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulness, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you
Cleon. Your shaks of fortune, though they haunt you.
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.

Dion. O your sweete Queen ! that the strict fates had pleased
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs ?

Could

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Could I rage and rages doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at sea) I have named so,
Heere I change your charity withall ; leauing her
The infant of your care, be eeching you to give her
Trincely training, that she may be manierd as she is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne, for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, must in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The com non body by your reliquie,
Would force me to my duty, but if to that,
My nature need a spurrie, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach mee toot without your vowes till she be married,
Maddam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnistered shall his heyres of mine remaine,
Though I shew will i't ; so I take my leaue;
Good Maddam, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my
respect then yours my Lord.

Per. My thanks and prayers.

Cleon. Weel bring your graces to the edge of the shore, then
giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of
heauen.

Per. I will embrase your offer come dearest Madame.
On no teares *Lychorida*, no teares looke to your little Mistris, on
whose grace you may depend haecrafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Maddam, this Letter, and some certainte Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffe, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?

Thaisa. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I well remember,
even on my learning time : but whether there deliuered, by the
holy

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

holy Gods, I cannot rightly say; but since King *Pericles*, my well-
ded Lord, I here shall see againe, a yestern livery will I take me to,
and never more haue ioy.

Cler. Maddam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire;
Moreover if you please a neece of mine,
Shall their attend you,

Thais. My recompence is thanks, thate all is said, young as you haue
Yet my good will is great, the gift small.

Ester Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriu'd at *Tyre*,
Welcom'd and settled to his owne desir'd.
His wofull Queene we leave at *Ephesus*,
vnto *Diana* ther's a votarisse,
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* train'd
In Musickes letters, who hath gaign'd
Of education all the grace
Which makes high both the art and place
Of generall wonder but a jacle
That monster Envy oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage fift: this Maid,
Hight *Philoten* and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would euer with *Marinar* be,
Beet when they weaudie the sleded filke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needic wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By burting it, or when too'th *Luce*
She sung, and made the night bed mute,

Pericles Prince of Tyre

That still records within one, or where
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse Diana still,
This Philoten content in skill
With absolute Marina: so
The Doue of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white, Marina gets
All praises which are paide by dees,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In Philoten all gracefull markes,
That Cleans wife with enuy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerelesse by this slaughter
The sooner her vile thoughtes to stead,
Lyborida our Nurse is dead,
And cursed Dioniza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne client,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poste on the lame feete of my rime
Which never could I so conuay,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appear,
With Leonine a murderer.

Enter Dioniza and Leonino.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to do it, tis but a
blow, which never shall be knowne, thou easst not do a thing in
the world so soone, to yeeld thee so much profit, let not consci-
ence which is but cold, in flaming thy loue bosome, enflame too
nicely; nor let pity, which even women haue cast off, melt thee
but be a soldiour to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her,
Heere she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,

Thou

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Thou art resolu'd?

Leon. I am resolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weedes, to strew thy grane
with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Mar-
rigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy grane, while summer
dayes do last, Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempest, when my
mother died: this world to me is like a lasting storme, me hurrying
from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chauce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume my blood with sorrowing,
You haue a nurse of me, Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd with this vunprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea matte it,
Walke with *Leontine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomacke;
Come *Leontine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come, Ile loue the King your father, and your
selfe, with more then foytaine heart: wee every day expect him
heere, when hee shall come and finde our Paragon, toall reports
thus blasted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great voyage
blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to
your best course. Go I pray you, walke and be chiefull once a-
gaine; reserue that excellent complection, which did steale the
eyes of yong and old,

Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I hane no desire to it.

Dion. Come come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an howre *Leontine*, at the least,
Remember what I haue said.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leauue you my sweet Lady, for a while: pray walke
softly, doe not heate your bloud; what, I must haue a care of
you.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. My thinks sweet Madame - Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South. west.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waft so?

Mar. My father, as Nurse saith, did never feare, but cryed good sea-men to the saylers, galling his kingly hands halting ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neu er was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canuas clymber, ha, saith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skipe from sterne to sterne: the Boat-lwaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusor.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What meant you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any: living creature beleue me now, I neuer kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended wherein my death might yeeld her any profit, or my life imploy her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your looks fore-shew you haue a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in passing two that fought: good-sooth, it shewd well in you, do so now, your Lady seekes my life, come you betweene, and save poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne, and will dispatch.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Pirates,

Pirat 1. Hold vilaine.

Pirat 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Hafse part mates, hafse part. Come lets haue her aboard sedainly.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing theeuers serue the great Pyrate valdes and they haue leisfed *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne : Ile swere shee's dead and throwne into the sea but Ile see further, perhaps they will not please themselues vpon her, not carry her aboard, if shee remaine,
Whom they haue rauisht, must be flaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bands.

Pander, Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metalline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchefulle.

Band. We were never so much out of creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no morethen they can do, and they with continuall action are as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be vste in every trade, wee shall never prosper.

Band. Thou saiest true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baflards, as I thinke I haue brought some theeuers.

Boult. I to eleuen and brought them downe againe, But shall I search the market?

Band. What else man? the stiffe wee haue a strong windc will blow it to pieces, they are so Pittifull sodden.

Pander. Thou saiest true, ther's two vnwholesome in conscience, the poore *Transilvanian* is dead that lay with the little daggede

Boult. I shal quickly poupt him, shee made bins roaste meatte

Pericles prince of Tyre.

for wormes, but I lego search the market

Pand. Three or four thousand Chickens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Baud. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our yoouths we could picke vp some prettie estate, t' where not an able to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand vpon with the gods, will be strong with vs for giuing ore.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes Boult.

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say shee's a virgin?

Sayl. O sir, we doubt not.

Boult. Master, I haue gone through for this pecece you see, If you like her, so; if not, I haue lost my earnest.

Baud. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult. She has a goodface, speakes well, and has excellent good cloches: thers no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.

Baud. What's her price, *Boult*.

Boult. I cannot be abated one doit of a thousand pecces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall haue your money presently: wife, take her in, instruct her what shée has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment,

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry: He that will giue most, shall haue her first. Such a maiden-head weare no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Mar. Alacke that Leonine was so slacke, so slow: He shoulde haue strukke, not spoke;

Exit.

Or

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-board throwne me, to secke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their parts in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are delight into my hands,
Where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his hands,

Where I was like to die.

Baud. I saud you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede shall you, and taste Gentlemen of allfishions.
You shall farewell; you shall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye stop your cares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue mee to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman,

Baud. Marry whip thee Gosling: I thinke I shall haue something to do with y^e w^m. Come y^e are a yong foolishe sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue y^e.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Baud. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, I then men
must comfort you, men must feede you men must stirre you vp:

Bonit return'd,

Enter Bonit.

Now sir, hast thou cri'd her through the market?

Bonit. I haue cri'd her almost to the number of herhaires,
I haue drawne her picture with my voyce.

Baud. I prethy tell me how doest thou finde the inclination of
the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Bonit. Faith they listned to me, as they would haue hearkned
to their fathers Testament. There was a Spaniardes mouth so
watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall haue him heare to morrow with his best ruffie
on.

Bonit.

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Baud. To night, to nighte his Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that comes with him? with brest-plate he hath

Baud. Who, Monsieur Marabout? hoy shew v. W. h. m. A.

Baud. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a greate assy, and sheweth he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in out shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Baud. Well, if we had of entry Nations trasteller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comynge vpon you, make me, you must seeme to doe thid scurfal-ly, whiche you comise willingly, despise; profit whiche you haue most gaine, to weape that you haue as you do, make pitie in your louers sildome, but that pitie beggeth you a good opin-
on, and that opinon a meere profit,

Mary. I understand you not, quod moy blouy iwd. h. m. A.
Baud. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes
of hers must be quenched with some present practise. M. and. A.
Mary. Elious layeth true yf this, so they must, for yf this Bride goes to that with shame, which is the way to god, vich warrant

Baud. Faith somedas, and sime do not, but Mistresse, I haue bargained for the ieyman, hoy sheweth him now, voy no more flurrie

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Baud. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like this maner of your garment. Well a wof.

Baud. By my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Baudt spend thou that in the towne, report what a ffol-
lowers wt haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Na-
ture framed this peece, she meint thee a good turne, therefore
say what a parragon sho is, & thou haft the charuest out of thine
owne report.

Baud. I warrant you Mistresse, thundershall not feare to wake the
beds of Ecles, as my giving out her beauty, Sirs v p the lewdly
inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud

Perciles Prince of Tyre.

Bard. Come your waies follow me.

Mari. If siers be hor, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

Dianzaide my purpose.

Bard. What haue we to do with Diana? pray you goe with
Exit.

Cleon Cloon and Dionizis.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O Dionizis, such a peece of slaughter,
The sunne and Moone nere looke vpon,

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ile
glie it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then ver-
tue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in
the iustice of compare, Ovillaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poi-
soned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had bene a kindnesse
becomming well thy face, what caufft thou say, when Noble
Perciles shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it,
nor euen to preserue, she diide at night. Ile say so, who can crosse
it, vnesesse yon pray the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry
out she dyde by soule pray.

Cleon. O go too; weil, weil, of all the faulcs beneath
heauen, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionizis. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of
Tharsus will flie hence, and open this to *Perciles*, I do shame to
thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a
spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer, but his approbation
added, though not his whole content, he did not flow from ho-
nourable courses.

Dionizis. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how
she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee

Pericles Prince of Tyre

did disdaine my childe, and floode betwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Mari-*
nas face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not
worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you
call my court vngaturall, you not your childe well louing: yet-
I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to
your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept af-
ter her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost fi-
nished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres-
a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis
done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dian. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to th' gods that Winter kills the flies,
But yet I know, you do as I aduise.

Exit.

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short
Saille seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:

Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.

By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Lauguage, in each severall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.

The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th' wartin the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)

To see his Daughter, all his liues delight.

Old *Hellenus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde

Old *Escenes* whom *Hellenus* late
Aduane'd in time to great and high state.

well

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Well sayling ships, and bounteous, windes haue brought,
This King to Tharsus, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts groane
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while,
Your eates unto your eyes. Ile reconcile,

*Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionizia
at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles, the roome, wherat Pericles
makes lamentacion, putt on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion de-
parts.*

*Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shewe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :
And Pericles in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues Tharsus, and againe imbarks, he sweales
Neuet to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares:
And yet he rides it out, Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionizia.*

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lies beere.
Who withered in her spring of yea're :
She was of Tirus the King's Daughter
On whom foul deareh bade made shis slaughter :
Marina was she calld, and at her birth
That is being proud, swallowed some part of her earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Tbetis birth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shal never flint,
Make raging Batties upon shores of flint.*

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles beleue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

By Lady Fortune, while our steare must play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy seruice: Patience then,
And rhiake yon now are all in Metaline.

Exe

Enter two Gentlemen

1. Cent. Did you euer heare the like?
2. Gent. No nor never shall do in such a place as this, the being once gone.
1. Gent. But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?
2. Gent. No no, come I am for no more bawdy houses, shall we go heare the Vestals sing?
1. Gent. He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer.

Exe

Enter the three Bands

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, she had ne're came heere.

Band. Fie, fie vpon her, she is able to sticke the God Priapus, and vndoe a whole generation, we must ey ber get her rauishit, or be rid of her, when she shold do for cluyents her fitment, and do me the kindnesse of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritane of the diuell, if hee shold cheapen a kisse of her.

Boul. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'l disfurnish vs of all our Caualeers, and make our swaivers Priests,

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene sicknesse for me.

Band. Faith ther's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised.

Boul. We should haue both Lord and Lowne, if the pecuynish dagedge would but giue stay to customers.

Enter Lysimachus

Lys. How now, how a dozen of virginitiys?

Band. Now the gods blesse your Houour.

Boul. I am glad to see your honour is good health.

Lys.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. You may so, tis the better for you, that your ressorters stand vpon sound legs, how now? wholesome impunity haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the surgeon?

Baud. We haue one heere sir if she would —

But there never came her like in *Metalsme.*

Lys. If shee'd do the deede of darknes, thou wouldest say.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Baud. For flesh and blood sir, white and red, yon shall see a Rose, and shee were a Rose indeede, if she had but —

Lys. What prethee?

Baud. O sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the resowne of a baud, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Euer Marins.

Baud. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is she not a faire creature?

Lys. Faith she would serue after a long voyage at sea,
Well, ther's for you, eue vs.

Baud. I beseech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Baud. First, I would haue you note, this is an honorable man

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him,

Baud. Next, ihee's the gouernor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him indeede, but how honorable he is in that I know not.

Baud. Pray you without and more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lye yom Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will doe graciously I will thankfully receiuē.

Lys. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, shee's not paste yet, you must take so me paines to worke her to your mannage, come, we will leaue his Honour and her together.

Exit Baud.

G 3

Lys.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Li. Now pretty one, how long haue you beeene at this trade ?

Mar. What trade Sir ?

Li. why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade , please you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession ?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you go to't so young, were you a gamester at fise or at seauen?

Mar. Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it ? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Gouvernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am ?

Mar. Who is my Principall ?

Li. Why your bearbe woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquity. O you haue heard some-thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see, theo, or else looke strindly vpon thee; come bring me to some private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you , make the iugement good , that thought you worthy of it

Li. How's this ? how's this ? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Ste, where since I came , diseases haue bene soldē deerer then Physicke, O that the gods would set me free from this vnhallovd place, though they did change me to the me nest bird that fli es i' th puter aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue spoke ſo well, I were dreamp̄t thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perſeuere in that cleare way thou goſt, and the gods strengthen thee

Mar.

Perciles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. The good Gods perserue you.

L. For my part, I came wjch no ill intent, for to me the verie
doores and windowes fauour viley , fare thee well, thou art a
peece of vertue , and I doubt not but thy training hath bin No-
ble, hold , heere's more gold for thee, a curse vpon him, dye hee
a theefe , that robs thee of thy goodnessse, if thou dost heare
m me, it shall be for thy good.

Bonl. I beseech your honour, one peece for me.

L. Auant thou damned dore-keeper , your house but for
this virgin that doth prop it , would sinke and ouer-whelme
you. Away.

Bonl. How's this ? we must take another course with you ? i f
your peeuish chasfity, which is not worth a breake-fast in the
cheapest Country vnder the coape, shall vndoe a whole house-
hold, let me be geldeid leke a spaniell, come your waies

May. Whither would you hane me ?

Bonl. I must haue your mayden- head taken off, or the com-
mon hangman shall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no
more gentlemen druen away, come your wayes I say.

Ester Bands

Band. How now, what's the matter ?

Bonl. Worse and worse Mistris, she hath heere spoken holy
words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Band. O abominable.

Bonl. He makes our profession as it were to stinke before the
face of the Gods.

Band. Marty hang her vp for euer.

Bonl. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a No-
bleman, and she sent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, saying
his prayers too.

Band. Bonl take her away, vs her at thy pleasure, cracke the
glasse of her virginity, & make the rest male-able,

Bonl. And if she were a thornier peece of ground then shee
is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Band. She coniures, away with her, would she had never come
within

Persiles Prince of Tyre.

withia my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to wade vs, will
you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish
of chasfity' with rosemary and bayle. Exit.

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather
Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they
better thee in their command; thou holdest a place, for which the
painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art
the damned-doore-keeper to every cusherell that comes enqui-
ring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of every rogue, thy
ear is liable, thy food is such as hath brene belcht on by infec-
ted lungs.

Boult. What would you haue me do? go to the wars wold you
where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue
not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doft, empty olde recepta-
cles, or common- flores of filth; serue by Indenture to the
common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this:
for what thou professeft, a Baboone could hee speake, would
owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deli-
ver me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy
Master would gaine by me, proclaime that, I can sing, weave,
sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which I looke not to boast,
and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this popu-
lous Cittie will yeeld many schollers,

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and profi-
tute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place
thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bonit. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, ther's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, Ile do for thee what I can, come your waies.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes and chauces
Into an honest house, our stori esiales;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies;
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bountie on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed Baud. Leaue we her place
And to her father turnd our thoughts againe,
Where we left him a, iea tumbled and toft,
And driuen before the wind, he is ariude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
God Neptune annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lycimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with seruour hies
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and barke.

Exit

Enter Hellicanus with two Saylers.

1. Sayl. Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolute you.
O here he is Sir, there is the Barge put off from *Metalone*, and in it
is *Lysimachus* the Gouvernor, who craves to come aboard, what
is your will?

Perciles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. Sayl. Ho Gentlemen my Lord calst,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

3. Gent. Doth your Lordship call; but I sayng may stily
Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard,
I pray greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. Sayl. Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, re-
solute you.

Lys. Haile reverent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would
doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of Nep-
tunes triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made
to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouvernor of this place, you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessell's of Tyre, in it the King, a man, who for this
three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance,
but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be to tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe.
springs from the losse of a beloued daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootelesse is your sight; he will not speake
to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him this was a goodly person, till the disaster
that one mortall wight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royll
Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in Metaline, I durst wager would
win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well be thought, she questionlesse with her sweete
harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make
a battie through his desended part, which now are mid-way
stop

Pericles prince of Tyre,

Soopt she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides,
Now vpon the leuie shelter that abuts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse , yet nothing we'l omit that bears
reconueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht this
farre, let vs beseech you, that for our gould we may haue prouis-
on, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the
stalenesse.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most iust
God for every graffe would send a Caterpiller , and so inflict
our Prouince : yet once more let mee entreat to know at large
the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent for.
welcome faire one : Ist not a goodly present ?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke, and did now stiue ffor
Ide with no better chioise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodnesse that con fifts in beauty,
Expect eu'en heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Phyfiche shall receiuue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermost skill in his recovery, pteuided, that none but I and my companion made bee suffered to
come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leauue her, and the Gods make her prosp-
erous.

The Song.

Lys. Mark the your musicke ?

Mar. No, not lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend care:

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nerebefore intited eies, but
haue beeene gazed on like a Comet : shew speakes my Lord, that

Pericles prince of Tyre.

may be, bath endured a grieser might equal yours, if both were justly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my stare, my derivation was from ancestors who stood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and awkward casualties, bound me in seritude, I wil desist but there is something gloues vpon my cheek, and whis-pers in mine eare, Goe not till he speake,

Per. My fortunes parentage, god parentage to eq'all mine; was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I saide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eye vpon me, ye're like some-thing that, what Country-women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought foorth and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shalbe deliuering weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might haue beeene: my Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straite, as siluer voyce, her eyes as iewell-like and cast as richly, in pace another Isno. Who starues the cares shee seedes and makes them hungry, the more she giues them speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsenesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, and thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleue thee, and make my fenes credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookst like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou camst from good descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou saidst thou hadst
beene lost from wrong to injury, and that thou thoughts thy
griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my
thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story, if thine considered prooue the thousand
part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a
gyrle, yet thou doft look like patience, gazing on Kings graues,
and smiling extreamity out of aete, what were thy friends? how
lost thou thy name my most kinde virgin? recount I do beseech
thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*,

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced God sent
hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good sir, or heere ile cease.

Per. Nay ile be patient, thou little knowst how thou doest
startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had same power
my father and a King,

Per. How, a kings daughter and cald *Marina*,

Mar. You said you would beleue me, but not to be a trou-
ble of your peace I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?

Haue you a working pulse, and no Fairy?

Motion will speake on, where were you borne:

And wherefore call *Marina*:

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea who! was thy mother:

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king, who dyed the
minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lycborida* hath oft deli-
uered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad foole with all,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were yon bred:
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your story, and never in-
terrupt you.

Mar. You scorns, beleue me t'were best I did giue ore.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. I will beleue you by the fillable of what you shall deliver, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wood a villain
To attempt it, who hating drawne to doo'r,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the
daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellecanus*?

Hel. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hel. I know not but heres the regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks
nobly of her.

Lys. she never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that she would sic still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellecanus*, strike me honored sir, give me a gash, put
me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me
ore-bear the shore of my mortality, and drowne me with their
sweetnesse. Oh come hither, Thou that begettest him that did thee beget.
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellecanus*,
Downe on my knees thanke the holy god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beeene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdome,

And

Pericles prince of Tyre.

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mor. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mother's name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Give me fresh garments, mine owne *Helicanus*, she is not dead at *Tarsus*, as she should haue bene by sauge *Cleon*, shee shall tell the all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Prince who is this?

Hell. Sir tis the Gouvernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrase you giue me my robes ;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my girle.
But hearkē, what Musicks this *Helicanus*, wry *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter, but wher's this Musicke ?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the spheares, lift my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to cross him giue him way.

Per. Rarest sound do ye not heare ?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke
It nips me vuto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answerē to my iust be-lieve, ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dian. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thether, and doe vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when
my maidens priests are met toghether before all the people reueale
how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy croſſe with thy
daughters call and giue them repetition to the like, or performe
my bidding, or thou liuest in woe, doo't, and happy by my siluer
bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian* Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee : *Helicanus*.

Hell. Sir.

Per.

Pericles prince of Tyre.

Per. My purpose was for *Tbarcas*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sailes,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs vpon your shore,
and give you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
seemes you haue beeene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then down.
This my last boone give me,
For such kindnesse must releeue me :
That you aptly will suppose.
What pageantrie, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty dia,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King ; so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sailes are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei're wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company,
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull deome.

Exit.

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Helcuanus, *Marina*, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
Ihere confesste wy selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frigted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Tbaifa*, at sea in child bed died she, but brought foorth a
Maid

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Maid childe called *Martia*, whom O Goddesse weares yet thy
siluer liuery, she at *Tbasus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at foure-
xeene yeares he sought to murther; but her better stars brought
her to *Metaline*, aginst whose shoure riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to vs where by her owne most cleare remem-
brance, she made knowne neither wife my daughter.

Tb. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are Oroyall *Pericles*.

Per. What means the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianas* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with-
these very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O shee's butt oueroyde,
Earely in blustring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich iewels, recovered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianas* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whe-
ther I invite you, look, *Tbaifa* is recovered.

Tba. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sanctity will
to my fence bide no licencious care, but curb it spight of seeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead *Tbaifa*.

Tba. That *Tbaifa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Tba. Now I know you better, when wee with teates parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you such a ring.

Per. This no more, you Gods, your present kindnesse makes
my past miseries sport, you shall do well that on the touching of
her lips I may melt, and no more be scene; O come, be buried a
second time within these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, flesh of thy flesh *Tbaifa*, thy
burden at the sea, and calld *Martia*, for she was yeelded there.

Tba. Blest, and mine owne.

Pertiles prince of Tyre.

Hill. Haille Madam, and my Queene.

Thais. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from Tyre, I left behind an ancient substiuate; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him osr.

Thais. Twas *Heliolanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare Thaisa, this is hee, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly pescened? and who to thanke (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thais. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverent Sir the Gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how his dead Queenes re-lives?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house, where shal be shewne you all was found with her, how she came plac't heere in the temple, no needfull thing committed.

Per. Puer Diana blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night Oblations to thee; Thaisa this Prince, she faire bechrothed of You rdaughter, shall marry her at Pentapolis, and sow this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeares no razor touch to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thais. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a star of him, yet there may Queene, weele celebrate their Nupciall, and our selues will in that Kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonn and daughter shall in Tyre.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,

To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, leads the way.

Exaudi omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiechus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and Lust reward:

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Pericles, his Queene and daughter Ioyne,
hough assayldes with Fortune fierce and keare
Vertue preferd frome fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and croynd with ioy at last.

In *Hellenicus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty :
In reuerend *Certoun* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne :
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish although not done, but meane
So, on your patience euermore attending,
New ioy waite on you heere our play hath ending.

F I N I S

